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MR. ROOSEVELT'S TAX IDEAS.

President Roosevelt.

The President has struck a popular note in his declaration for a graduated inheritance tax, and in general for a policy of preventing the accumulation of wealth in few hands in such quantities as to be dangerous to the Republic.

Railroad rate regulation is a question for experts, but it requires no expert to know that billionaire fortunes are a menace if they fall into able hands. Youth, ambition, ability and a billion, if they ever came together, would be a combination rather interesting than pleasing.

Inheritance taxes are familiar devices of foreign States. A collateral inheritance tax is levied by the State of New York. The Federal Government levied an inheritance tax during the Spanish War. It was paid. Estates that had dodged personal taxation for years could not escape Uncle Sam.

"From each according to his ability; to each according to his need," is not yet a legal maxim, but legislation is tending constantly in that direction. For fifty years the condition of the unfortunates in human society has constantly improved and the conscience of society has become even more tender of them. In the same period the world's thought upon problems of taxation has constantly tended to become more liberal.

The problem is to curb excessive accumulation without discouraging legitimate ambition and killing that honest industry which, finding its reward in the increasing comforts of the family, makes industry of public service.

"Showers." The paraders thought the weather man broke it to them gently. tfb.

BROWN BISCUIT.

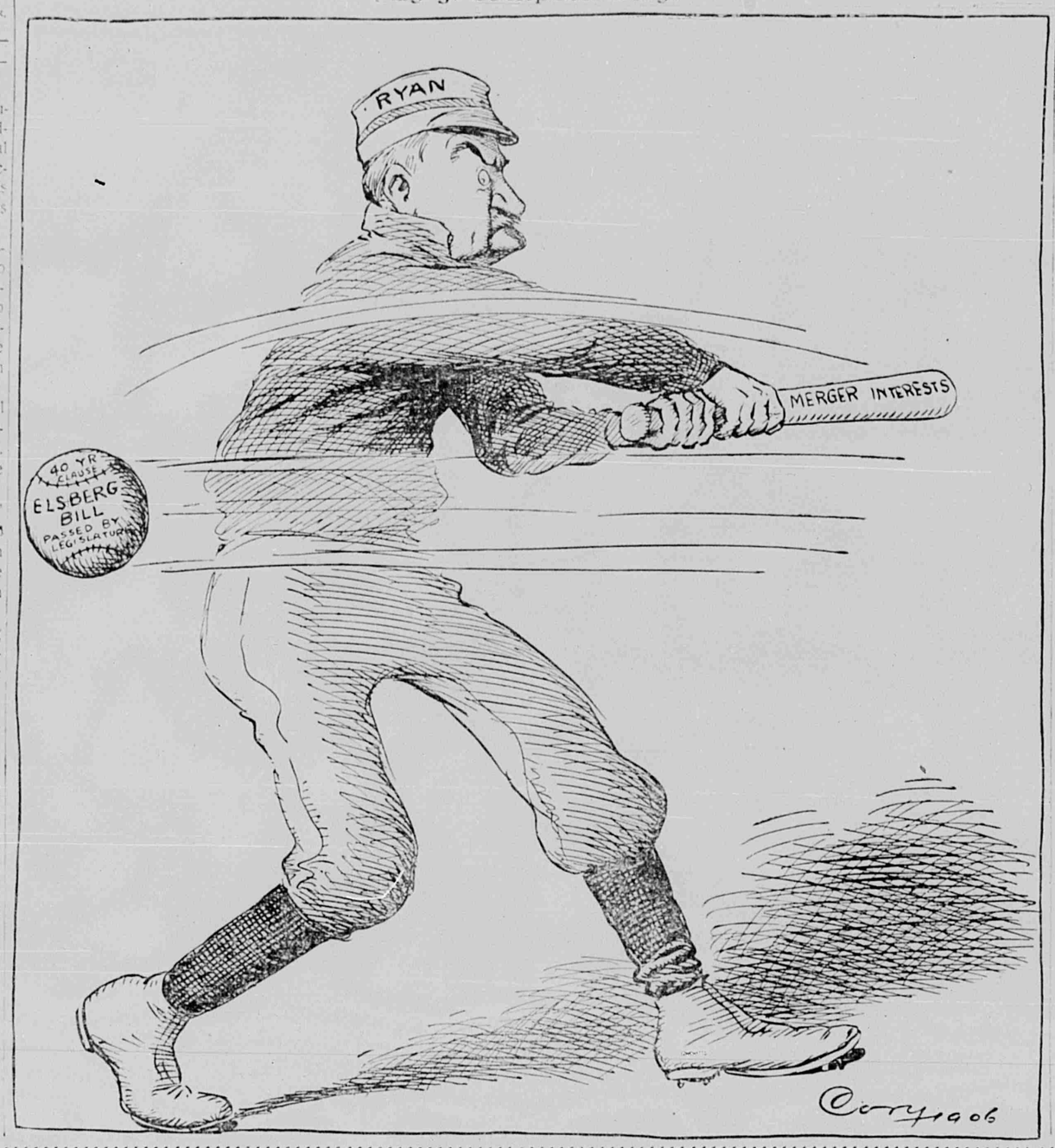
Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan dined in London the other night on brown biscuit, fish and vegetables. He is observing a careful regimen. With him dined Lord Milner and Mr. Alfred Belt—"all three," the cable says, "being under the same treatment." The fact is interesting not only because the three gentlemen are fellow-millionaires, but because Dr. Woods Hutchinson in "Some Diet Delusions," published in the current McClure's, declares the honors unwarranted which are paid to brown bread and treats the resort to vegetarianism with scant courtesy.

Science, according to Dr. Hutchinson, vindicates a human instinct in demonstrating that "white bread, and the whitest of the white, is the best, most healthful and most nutritious food which the sun has ever yet grown from the soil." As for vegetarianism, it is "the diet of the enslaved, stagnant and conquered races," while "a diet rich in meat is that of the progressive, the dominant and the conquering strains."

Evidently the enemies of the rich should desire that Mr. Morgan and his friends continue at their enervating vegetables. Their modicum of fish cannot save them, for it is but another dietary delusion that fish, out of a phosphoric richness, give vigor to the brain.

Two Strikes!

By J. Campbell Cory.



Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did;
Why They Did It;
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 12.—The Hundred Years' War.

HISTORIANS make much of the various long conflicts waged from time to time in Europe—the Seven Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, &c.—but comparatively little is written of the war that waged almost unbrokenly for an entire century in the American colonies.

Part of the time this hundred-year conflict was one of defense of new built homes against the invasion of savages; part an echo of wars in European countries whose colonist sons were called upon to fight in behalf of their mother-land's quarrel.

In Europe national credit, an exhaustless supply of men and money, and a nation's applause made warfare easy. Here, in the colonies, there were no such aids. The century of conflict would have demolished any chain of settlements less sturdy than those along the Atlantic coast. The chief effect of it, however, was to teach the colonists the highest art of warfare and the necessity of joining together in one united body against a common foe.

The Lesson of Union and Warcraft.

Thus were the scattered settlements welded into a mighty fighting body, ready for the day that was soon to come, when the power and union so hardly acquired should strike a world-echoing blow for Liberty.

The Hundred Years' War had its origin in the ill-treatment of Indians by white settlers. The savages were at first friendly, gentle, hospitable folk in their treatment of the white invader. In every case the white man was the aggressor. The colonists, almost without exception, treated the Indian with barbarous cruelty, cheated him remorselessly and annexed his land. Small wonder that the savage should take a leaf out of his white brother's book, and retaliate with all his native cruelty and cunning.

The war began when King Philip, son of the peaceful Massasoit, came into power in 1662. He avenged real or fancied wrongs committed by the New England colonies. With but few years of truce the warfare against the Indians thenceforward raged through the whole length and breadth of the colonies.

Minuit had bought Manhattan Island for $24; Capt. West had bought the site of Richmond, Va., for a handful of coppers. The island of Rhode Island had been bought by Roger Williams for 240 feet of wampum beads (wampum's market value being 25 cents per foot). The Indians, finding how they had been despoiled, grew still more resentful as time went on.

There was little open warfare. A tribe of Indians would swoop down on a sleeping village (as at Deerfield, Schenectady and other places) and murder nearly every inhabitant. The whites would perform some equally unspeakable atrocity on an Indian settlement. And in the intervals between general massacres isolated cases of murder were of daily occurrence. A bounty was paid by white officials for Indian scalps as for those of vermin; and the Indian who wore at his belt the largest number of white scalp-locks stood highest in his tribe.

Then, at last, the war suddenly took on far more serious proportions. France and England were at strife; and the French and English in America lovally rushed at each other's throats. The Atlantic coast was held by the British. Nearly every other foot of ground in North America was French territory.

France built a string of sixty forts from Canada to New Orleans and encroached more and more on British soil. The Governor of Virginia sent an ineffectual protest, 1753, to the French commander, choosing as messenger a young Virginia surveyor, a mere lad of twenty-one, George Washington by name.

Washington's First Historic Deed.

This was Washington's first appearance in history. But his second followed not long after. Gen. Braddock, at the head of a body of British troops and Colonial woodsmen, marched against the French in 1755, and near Pittsburg was ambushed and defeated. But for the coolness of young Col. Washington and his Virginia riflemen the British force must have been wiped out.

The Indians were the stench allies of the French from first to last, and their Gallic masters turned the savages loose in full fury upon the English colonists on every possible occasion.

At length the tide of victory turned. Under William Pitt's Ministry a successful campaign was laid out and followed. The English were everywhere victorious, their triumph culminating in 1759, when Gen. James Wolfe attacked and captured Quebec.

In 1763 France surrendered all claims to the disputed territory, including Canada, and called off their savage allies. The Hundred Years' War was at an end. The colonies, weakened and worn out, were yet united and were peopled by veteran warriors.

They were destined, within fifteen years, to have need of all their consolidation and battle prowess.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Brioux, page of the Duc de St. Quentin, comes to Paris to join his master. It is in the year 1585, when Paris is in the hands of the "League," headed by the Duke of Mayenne. Henry, King of Navarre, heir to the throne of France, is besieging the city. St. Quentin, though an avowed friend of Navarre, has ventured into Paris and taken up his headquarters there. Lachat, a secret spy of the League, becomes St. Quentin's secretary with a view to assassinating him. Felix foils the plot and becomes personal attendant on the Duke's estranged son, Comte Etienne de Mar. Mar is in love with Lorance de Monthuc, cousin of Mayenne. She writes asking him to visit her that evening at Mayenne's palace. Mar, owing to a slight wound, cannot go, but sends Felix to explain his absence. Felix enters Mayenne's salon to give his message, and is at once surrounded by the guests, who make sport of him.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Mademoiselle.

(Continued.)

"MADEMOISELLE, this is a minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary—from the court of His Highness the Comte de Mar."

"Oh, that is it!" she cried with a little laugh, but not, I think, at my uncouthness, though she looked me over curiously.

"He has not come himself, M. de Mar?"

"It appears not, mademoiselle."

She did not seem vastly disconcerted for all she cried in doleful tones:

"Alack! alack! I have lost. And Paul is not present to enjoy his triumph. He wagered me a pair of pearl-broidered gloves that I could not produce M. de Mar."

"But it is not his fault," I answered her eagerly. "It is not M. de Mar's fault, mademoiselle. He has been hurt to-day and he could not come. He is in bed of his wounds; he could not walk across his room. He tried. He bade me lay at mademoiselle's feet his lifelong services."

"Ah, Lorance!" cried a young demoiselle in a sky-colored gown, "methinks you have indeed lost M. de Mar if he sends you no better messenger of his regrets than this horse-boy."

"I have lost the gloves, that is certain and sad," Mlle. de Montluc replied, as if the loss of the wager were all her care. "I am punished for my vanity, mesdames et messieurs. I undertook to produce my recreant squire and I have failed. Alas!" And she put up her white hands before her face with a pretty imitation of despair save that her eyes sparkled from between her fingers.

By this time the gamesters about us had stopped their play, in a general interest in the affair. An older lady coming forward with an air of authority demanded:

"What is this disturbance, Lorance?"

"A wager between me and my cousin Paul, madame," she answered with instant gravity and respect.

"Paul de Lorraine! Is he here?" the other asked, unpleased, I thought.

"Yes, madame. He dropped from the skies on us this afternoon. He is out of the house again now."

"But while he was in the house," quoth she, in sky color, "though he did not find time to pay his respects to Mme. la Duchesse, he had the leisure for considerable conversation with Mlle. Montluc."

The other lady, whom I now guessed to be the Duchesse de Mayenne herself, turned somewhat sharply on her cousin of Montluc.

"I do not yet hear your excuses, mademoiselle, for the introduction of a stable boy into my salon."

"I beg you to believe, madame, I am not responsible for it," she protested. "Paul, when he was here, saw fit to rally me concerning M. de Mar. Mlle. de Tavanne informed him of the count's defection, and they were pleased to be merry with me over it. I vowed I could get him back if I wished. The end of the matter was that I wrote a letter which my cousin promised to have conveyed to M. le Comte's old lodgings. This is the answer," mademoiselle cried with a wave of her hand toward me. "But I did not expect it in this guise, madame. Blame your lackeys who know not their duties, not me."

"I blame you, mademoiselle," Mme. de Mayenne answered her tartly. "I consider my salon no place for intrigues with horse-boys. If you must hold colloquy with this fellow take him whither he belongs—to the stables."

A laugh went up among those who laugh at whatever a duchess says.

"Come, mesdames, we will resume our play," she added to the ladies who had followed her on the scene, and turned her back in lofty disdain on Mlle. de Montluc and her concerns. But though some of the company obeyed her a curious circle still surrounded us.

"Dame! if you must be banished to the stables we all will go, mademoiselle," declared the pink gallant. "We all want news of the vanished Mar."

"Indeed we do. We have missed him sorely. And I dare swear this messenger's account will prove diverting," lisped the sky-colored demoiselle.

I was not enjoying myself. I had given all my hopes of glory to be out in the street again. I wished Mlle. de Montluc would take me to the stables—anywhere out of this laughing company. But she had no such intent.

"I think madame does not mean her sentence" she rejoined. "I would not for the world frustrate your curiosity, Blanche; nor yours, M. de Champfleury. Tell us what has befallen your master, Sir Courier."

"He has been in a duel, mademoiselle."

"Whom was he fighting?"

"And for what lady's favor?"

"Is it a pretty Huguenot this time?"

"Does she make him read his Bible?"

"Or did her big brother set on him for a wicked papist?"

The questions chorused upon me; I saw they were framed to tease mademoiselle. I answered as best I might:

"He thinks of no lady but Mlle. de Montluc. The fight was over other matters. I am only told to say M. le Comte regrets most heartily that his wound prevents his coming, and to assure mademoiselle that he is too weak and faint to walk across the floor."

"Then exceed your instructions a little. Tell us what monsieur has been about these four weeks that he could not take time to visit us."

I was in a dilemma. I knew she was M. Etienne's chosen lady and therefore deserving of all fealty from me; yet at the same time I could not answer her question. It was sheer embarrassment and no intent of rudeness that caused my short answer:

"About his own concerns, mademoiselle."

"The young puppy begins to growl!" exclaimed the thick-set soldierly fellow who had bespoken me before, whose hostile gaze had never left my face. "I'll have him flogged, mademoiselle, for this insolence."

"M. de Brie"—— she began at the same moment that I cried out to her:

"I meant no insolence; I crave mademoiselle's pardon," I added, in my haste floundering deeper into the mire; "Mademoiselle sees for herself that I cannot tell about M. le Comte's affairs in this house."

Brie had me by the collar.

"Behold M. de Mar! Behold his fate!"

"So that is what has become of Mar!" he cried triumphantly. "I thought as much. If Mar's affairs are to be a secret from this house, then, nom de Dieu, they are no secret."

He shook me back and forth as if to shake the truth out of me till my teeth rattled together; I could not have spoken if I would. But he cried on, his voice rising with excitement:

"It has been no secret where St. Quentin stands and what he has been about. He came into Paris smooth and smiling, his own man, forsooth—neither ours nor the heretic's! Mordieu! he was Henry's, fast and sure, save that he was not man enough to say so. I told Mayenne last month we ought to settle with M. de St. Quentin; I asked nothing better than to attend to him. But the general would not, but let him alone, free and unmolested in his work of stirring up sedition. And Mar, too"——

He stopped in the middle of a word. All the company who had been pressing around us halted still. I knew that behind me some one had entered the room.

M. de Brie dragged me back from where we were blocking the passage. I turned in his grasp to face the newcomer.

He was a tall, stout man, deep-chested, thick-necked, heavy jowled. His wavy hair, brushed up from a high forehead, was lightest brown, while his brows, mustachios and beard were dark. His eyes were dark also, his full lips red and smiling. He had the beauty and presence of all the Guises; it needed not the star on his breast to tell me that this was Mayenne himself.

He advanced into the room, returning the salutes of the company, but his glance travelling straight to me and my captor.

"What have we here, Francois?"

"This is a fellow of Etienne de Mar's, M. le Duc," Brie answered. "He came here with messages for Mlle. de Montluc. I am getting out of him what Mar has been up to since he disappeared a month back."

"You are at unnecessary pains, my dear Francois; I already know Mar's whereabouts and doings rather better than he knows them himself."

Brie dropped his hand from my collar, looking by no means at ease. I perceived that this was the way with Mayenne: you knew what he said, but you did not know what he thought. His somewhat heavy face varied little; what went on in his mind behind the smiling mask was matter for anxiety. If he asked pleasantly after your health you fancied he might be thinking how well you would grace the gallows.

M. de Brie said nothing and the duke continued:

"Yes, I have kept watch over him these five weeks. You are late, Francois. You little boys are fools: you think because you do not know a thing I do not know it. Was I cruel to keep my information from you, ma belle Lorance?"

The attack was absolutely sudden; he had not seemed to observe her. Mademoiselle colored and made no instant reply. His voice was neither loud nor rough; he was smiling upon her.

"Or did you need no information, mademoiselle?"

She met his look unflinching.

"I have not been sighing for tidings of the Comte de Mar, monsieur."

"Because you have had tidings, mademoiselle?"

"No, monsieur, I have had no communication with M. de Mar since May—until to-night."

"And what has happened to-night?"

"To-night—Paul appeared."

"Paul!" ejaculated the duke, startled momentarily out of his phlegm. "Paul here?"

"He was, monsieur, an hour ago. He has since gone forth again, I know not whither or for what."

Mayenne ruminated over this, pulling off his gloves slowly.

"Well? What has this to do with Mar?"

She had no choice, though in evident fear of his displeasure, but to go through again the tale of the wager and letter. She was moistening her dry lips as she finished, her eyes on his face wide with apprehension. But he answered amiably, half absently, as if the whole affair were a triviality:

"Never mind; I will give you a pair of gloves, Lorance."

He stood smiling upon us as if amused for an idle moment over our childish games. The color came back to her cheeks; she made him a curtsey, laughing lightly.

"Then my grief is indeed cured, monsieur. A new bit of finery is the best of balms for wounded self-esteem, is it not, Blanche? I confess I am piqued; I had dared to imagine that my squire might remember me still after a month of absence. I should have known it too much to ask of mortal man. Not till the rivers run up hill will you keep our memories green for more than a week, messieurs."

"She turns it off well," cried the little demoiselle in blue, Mlle. Blanche de Tavanne; "you would not guess that she will be awake the night long, weeping over M. de Mar's defection."

"I!" exclaimed Mlle. de Montluc; "I weep over his recreancy? It is a far-fetched jest, my Blanche; can you invent no better? The Comte de Mar—behold him!"

She snatched a card from a tossed-down hand, holding it up aloft for us all to see. It was by chance the knave of diamonds; the pictured face with its yellow hair bore, in my fancy at least, a suggestion of M. Etienne.

"Behold M. de Mar—behold his fate!" With a twinkling of her white fingers she had torn the luckless knave into a dozen pieces and sent them whirling over her head to fall far and wide among the company.

"Summary measures, mademoiselle!" quoth a grizzled warrior with a laugh. "Mordieu! have we your good permission to deal likewise with the flesh-and-blood Mar when we go to arrest him for conspiring against the Holy League?"

But Mlle. de Tavanne's quick tongue robbed him of his answer.

"Marry, you are severe on him, Lorance. To be sure he does not come himself, but he sends so gallant a messenger!"

Mademoiselle glanced at me with hard blue eyes.

"That is the greatest insult of all," she said. "I could forgive—and forget—his absence, but I do not forgive his despatching me his horse-boy."

Thus far I had choked down my swelling rage at her faithlessness, her vanity, her despiteful entreatment of my master's plight. I knew it was sheer madness for me to attempt his defense before this hostile company; nay, there was no object in defending him; there was not one here who cared to hear good of him. But at her last insult to him my blood boiled so hot that I lost all command of myself and I burst out:

"If I were a horse-boy—which I am not—I were twenty times too good to be carrying messages hither. You need not rail at his poverty, mademoiselle; it was you brought him to it. It was for you he was turned out of his father's house. But for you he would not now be lying in a garret, penniless and dishonored. Whatever ills he suffers, it is you and your false house have brought them."

Brie had me by the throat. Mayenne interfered without excitement.

"Don't strangle him, Francois; I may need him later. Let him be flogged and locked in the oratory."

He turned away as one bored over a trifling matter. And as the lackeys dragged me back to the door I heard Mlle. de Montluc saying:

"Oh, M. de Latour, what have I done in destroying your knave of diamonds! Ma foi, you had a quatorze!"

"Here, Pierre!" M. de Brie called to the head lackey, "here's a candidate for a hiding. This is a cub of that fellow Mar's. He reckoned wrong when he brought his insolence into this house. Lay on well, boys; make him howl."

Brie would have liked well enough, I fancy, to come along and see the fun, but he conceived that his duty lay in the salon. Pierre, the same who had conducted me to Mlle. de Montluc, now led the way into a long oak-panelled parlor. Opposite the entrance was a huge chimney carved with the arms of Lorraine; at one end a door led into a little oratory where tapers burned before the image of the Virgin; at the other, before the two narrow windows, stood a long table with writing materials. Chests and cupboards nearly filled the walls. I took this to be a sort of council-room of my lord Mayenne.

Pierre sent one of his men for a cane and to the other suggested that he should quench the Virgin's candles.

"For I don't see why this rascal should have the comfort of a light in there," he said. "As for Madonna Mary she will not mind; she has a million others to see by."

I was left alone with him and I promised myself the joy of one good blow at his face, no matter how deep they flayed me for it. But as I gathered myself for the rush he spoke to me low and cautiously:

"Now howl your loudest, lad, and I'll not lay on too hard."

My clinched fist dropped to my side.

"You never did me any harm," he muttered. "Howl till they think you half killed, and I'll manage."

I gaped at him, not knowing what to make of it. But this is the way of the world; if there is much cruelty in it there is much kindness too.

"Here's the cane, nom d'un chien!" Pierre exclaimed boisterously. "Give it here, Jean; there'll not be much of it left when I get through."

"You'll strip his coat off?" said the second lackey from the oratory.

(To Be Continued.)